

Reverie

by Pipper

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Feedback: Please tell me what you think. I'll BEG if need beâ€¦|

Note: Primarily told in Obi-Wan's point of view, but Qui-Gon will have an itty-bitty part as well. It's pretty obvious, so you won't be confused which of them is telling the story.

The sound of our footsteps echoed through the halls of the Jedi Temple. This planet's sun had set hours before we concluded the day's work. I've lived here all my life, but I still am amazed every time I see Coruscant's bright lights, illuminating the buildings and transports. When my Master and I go to missions to another planet, I'd drag him outside to stand or sit just looking at the sky. We would talk about simple things, just have light conversations-nothing

complicated or mission-related. Sometimes we would meditate together, kneeling next to each other, feeling the breeze against our cheeks and hearing the rustle of the leaves of the trees or the water running down a stream. It comforts me to know that he is there and that he would always guide and assist me whenever needed.

I come out of the memory as we rounded the last corner from our quarters. I could hear my Master's lazy breathing; we are both very tired. Even if I walk about a step behind him, I know that his exhaustion is hidden under that serene Jedi expression of his. I keep my thoughts to myself for silence seemed appropriate at the moment. I just watch him, his robe swinging from side to side, and I wonder how he can be so graceful after such an excruciatingly long day. Hours of vigorous physical exercises and long periods of Force manipulation practices didn't seem to affect him. My perfect Master. I smile at the thought, feelings of honor and extreme gratitude rushes within me. I am his Padawan; he chose to train me. He has taken good care of me for over a decade now. In return I have been a loyal and diligent student. I strive to do my very best and I give him everything he asks of me, that and more.

When he took me as his Padawan I was afraid--afraid that I wasn't good enough to please him. I have made some very terrible mistakes in the past. He took me as his apprentice and what did I do to pay him back? I went and meddled in a planetary affair by joining a civil war between the adult population and the youth. I was a child. I was foolish and reckless. I know that my actions have disappointed him; I saw it in his eyes. And it pains me to realize that I've caused him ache and stress.

But after all I've done, he has forgiven me. I betrayed him and he took me back. He took me back no matter how undeserving I have been. I vowed to myself that I would never displease him ever again. I serve him with my entire being, afraid that he wouldn't want me if I disappointed him again. But that wasn't the case. I was to be his Padawan no matter what. He wanted me to be his Padawan. I am very grateful for that so I try to make him proud. Seeing him smile because I've done well means the world to me. He means the world to me.

And I keep that thought to myself as wellâ€¦

I am very tired. My muscles are so sore I feel as if I would collapse right here and now. But I keep hold of my composure just as my Master is doing. I wish nothing more than to retire to bed. I could almost feel the yielding mattress on my back, the silky-nearly fluidic bed sheets covering my skin, and the softness of a pillow cradling my head. I cannot wait to get to our quarters.

If I am this tired, then my Master is probably even more exhausted. He joined me in all of the exercises, both physical and mental. We sparred hand-to-hand first and then next using our lightsabers. I won several times unarmed. My small body allowed for quick attacks and easy executions of complicated moves. It also made it quite easy to evade his assaults. But naturally, I was no match against him with lightsabers.

He wielded his saber with such grace it was as if he were dancing and not sparring. It was remarkable. He was remarkable. I watched him progress like a smooth wave, each move perfectly and accurately

carried out. Now that I think back to it, I was so astounded by the elegance of his movements that it distracted me and made it harder to keep his blows from breaching my defense. But the inevitable finally happened and I was lying on the ground breathing hard, his lightsaber merely inches from my chest. He held out his hand and said, "Focus, Padawan. You must regain your center." I replied a submissive 'Yes, Master' and took the hand he held out. I was on my feet again but I still held onto his hand. And then I remembered times when he put his hands on mine to correct my grip on the lightsaber or my fighting stance. But most importantly, I remember those hands that held me and patted my back when I've done something good, and cared for me when I was ill or injured. He raised an eyebrow at me and asked if I was ever to let his hand go. I felt a burning sensation mount on my cheeks and muttered a quick apology. Then I released the hand that has always given me confidence and assurance. He chuckled a bit and told me that I've done well today. He was proud of me. I smile in return and let gratitude and delight flow through our bond.

We finally arrive at our apartment. The door slid open and the warm scent of our home welcomed our arrival. I heard my Master breathe in the familiar aroma and let out a sigh of relief as he walked in; I followed suit, maintaining my position behind him. I could sense his tension lessen while we entered.

"Let me take your robe, Master," I say to him. My hands were already on his shoulders, merely waiting for him to shrug the cumbersome cloak off. He obliges, slightly twisting his shoulders and freeing his arms from the robe's sleeves. Heat enraptures my body as my fingers brush along his biceps. It took all self-control to prevent from gasping at the touch. I reinforce my shielding in hopes of guising my astonishment. Realizing that he was too tired to even notice the sudden tap into the Force; I hold his robe against my chest, taking in his intoxicating scent.

He turns to look at me and says, "Thank you, Obi-Wan." Those intense eyes held me, I didn't know what to say--couldn't say anything at all. So I nodded, gathering the garment and folding it neatly before setting it on the small bench near the door.

I felt a smile dawn upon my face as I watched my Master dramatically slump on the couch and tried to be as comfortable as possible. He closed his eyes and moaned softly, snuggling his head against the cushion. He looksâ€|different. The strong, confident, and defensive Jedi Diplomat was now gone. All that's left is an image of calm and vulnerability. My gaze lingered on his throat and chest, watching it hypnotically rise and fallâ€|

I snap out of my reverie and shrugged my cloak off, setting it next to my Master's. Deeply relieved, I closed my eyes and willed the room's lights to dim using the Force. Still with my eyes closed, I focus on the candle sitting on the coffee table, lighting it with a little help from the Force. I started forward but froze on my tracks, awestruck at the arresting sight of my Master's still form lying on the couch. The shadows danced around on his skin, the undulating light defined the contours of his features as the candle's flame flickered. His hair was tousled alongside the back of his neck and across his cheek. I marveled upon the beauty that is set before me, shaking my head as I realize that such thoughts are not acceptable.

I gathered myself and padded across the room and into my sleeping quarters. The living room's light provided some illumination in my room, so I didn't bother turning the lights on. I was aware of the thoughts that passed through my consciousness, but I didn't dwell in them. Being mindful of the Living Force I was. I could feel its vibration; a low humming somewhat eased my anxiety. There is no emotion; there is peace. Such is the way of the Jedi-one of the principles I strive to live by.

The bed creaked as I sat on it. The once perfectly laid out sheets ruffled beneath me. I stoop down to take my boots off, fidgeting my toes and ankles that are now free from stress. I pull on the edges of my tunic, taking the sturdy fabric and throwing it in the laundry bin. The bin is getting quite full. It seemed that I must wash my clothes sometime tomorrow.

I got up and slipped out of my leggings. I could feel the night's chill clash against the heat of my body. Slightly trembling, I grab the sleek drawstring pants resting on my bed and wore them.

Again I am in awe of my Master's beauty as I stand before his tranquil figure. I unfold the blanket I brought from my room and laid it upon my Master. As silent as a cat I throw my braid behind my neck and kneel down. I can see his boots in the corner of my eye, carelessly scattered beside the couch. It was almost an inconceivable fact that my Master had not properly set his boots aside. It only reaffirms my suspicion that he is tremendously worn out. I reach out to tuck the tousled long hair behind his ear and kept in mind how the heat of his skin against my fingers sent a longing for his warmth inside my body.

I withdrew and grabbed the damp towel on my lap. The thin film of sweat made my Master's skin glisten in the candlelight. I reached out, holding the towel in my hand, and ran the cloth across his forehead. I moved ever so gently so as to not awaken him. I dabbed the sweat off his brow and continued on to soothingly wipe his cheek. And he movedâ€¦ I felt him lean in my hand as I caressed his face, his heat penetrated the towel and I was starting to lose myself in the contact. I let the fabric fall from my hand as my fingers began to brush against his eyelids and down the bridge of his nose. I can't seem to stop-I don't want to stop. The moments now found my thumb gliding the plane of my Master's lush lips. The heat of his breath, the suppleness and moisture of his mouth triggered a rising desire within me. I tilt closer, daring to take those lips on mine. But I stop. Would I really betray his trust, waste everything, and destroy our close relationship by acting on such a foolish desire? I sigh, feeling my chest twinge at the disappointment this realization brought.

"Stupid. This is stupid," I mutter to myself. With no further adieu, I gathered my thoughts and got up on my feet, taking the towel with me. I cannot believe I even tried to do thatâ€¦ I tried to kiss my Master. Centering my mind, I release the passion and desire to the Force, hoping that in doing so sleep shall don me with ease.

End
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